

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HANS BRENTMANN IN CHURCH. WITH OTHER NEW RIDDLES. BY CHARLES G. LELAND, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party," and other "Riddles," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. The London Advertiser says: "Mr. Leland may be said to have created a new kind of humorous poetry, and he stands by no means to have overdone the vein he has the first to open. The great success of a fine book has been fatal to many authors, but these poems will certainly not disappoint the interests of those that have been before published."

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Published by Alex. Moore, Boston. This is the best journal of its kind that we know of; moderate and sensible in its views, and containing in every number valuable articles relative to the health of both body and mind.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published and sold by Eliza Howe, Boston, Mass. The music of this periodical, both vocal and instrumental, is of a much higher class than the average of musical publications.

MORMONISM: ITS LIFE, PROGRESS, AND FUTURE CONDITION. Embracing the Narrative of Mrs. MARY ETTIN V. SMITH, of her residence and experience of fifteen years among the Mormons; containing a full and authentic account of their social constitution—their religious doctrine, and political government. By N. W. GREEN. Published by Bishop & Bros., Hartford; and also for sale by Blinn & Co., Newark, N. J.; Miss D. Schenck, Gen. Agent, 124 Oberlin Street, Philadelphia.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE; OR, THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENRY, author of "Linda; or, The Young Friend of the Bell-Creole," "The Banished Son," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. This volume contains some of the most charming of Mrs. Henry's stories.

THE VETERAN OF THE GRAND ARMY. By THE BROTHERS CORN. In Eight Parts. Published by Cyrus and Duran Coop, Boston.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. January, 1878. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. H. Beeler, Philadelphia.

THE TECHNOLOGIST. An Illustrated Journal of Engineering, Manufacturing, and Building. February, 1878. Issued by the Industrial Publication Company, 176 Broadway, New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY. Published by The Leonard Scott Company, New York.

Rochefort and Moretouin.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

No; History does not repeat itself. For Camille Desmoulins she gives us Rochefort; for *L'Asile du Peuple*, the *Marsellaise*; for the Attack on the Tuilleries, the Barricade of Belleville.

If History repeated itself, why was the Revolution of 1860 so different from that of 1789? that of 1848 so different from that of 1830?

Does not all this show that even France, ready as she is to "descend into the street," is gradually learning the folly of flying to anarchy as the escape from misrule, and declines to help the triumph of a Rochefort, even though it may be the downfall of a Louis Napoleon? In '68 the Revolution cost the lives of a Royal Family, the best blood of the nation, and a European War, and needed a Napoleon the Great to end it. In 1830, the Revolution cost three days' street-fighting, and was closed by a Louis Philippe. In 1848, the Revolution was set up by a coup de main, and put down by the nephew of the Uncle.

It looks like it.

Rochefort has been sentenced, and Order continues to reign in Paris.

Rochefort has been arrested, and Louis Napoleon still sits at the Tuilleries.

Armed Insurrection can find no better head than half-witted Pleureurs to flourish his sword-cane, and fire off his revolver at nobody in particular. No stronger hands but those of the few score gamins who threw up sham-barriques for the police to take, and scampered before the sticks and small-sabres of the Municipal Guards.

It has not even seemed the presence of soldiers to put down this feeble fit of revolutionary effervescence.

France definitely declines to borrow Rochefort's *Lanterns* to look for her honest man by.

She accepts Olivier, and his coadjutors, and the substitution of Parliamentary for Personal rule, as more beneficial means of restoring her to the self-government she has been content for a time to abdicate, and for which she can not better show her fitness than by her contempt for such scoundrels as Rochefort, and such organs as his *Marsellaise*.

An exchange relates that Andrew Smith, of Genes, Cayuga County, N. Y., found that a blind horse owned by him had fallen into a dry but deep well, a few days ago, and after various unsuccessful attempts to extricate the unfortunate beast, concluded to give it up and bury him alive. Two or three men commenced throwing dirt, but as it fell around his legs "Charley" commenced treading it down. The faster they shovelled, the livelier he trod; and when they had filled the well, he stood upon the surface, unburied, and in good order considering his fall.

Gold closed on the 4th, at 113\$. Government securities declined ½ a cent per cent.

Fall Files of this Paper can be found in New York, at the office of Geo. P. Bowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row.

A Chinese town describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twice wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

At a sale of autographs the other day in Paris, a very curious document signed by Richard Ossian de Liss was sold for 1,450 francs. It was a letter in verse written at St. Jean d'Aoë by a monk, under the dictation of, and signed by, the lion-hearted king. It contained only twelve lines, and there was some doubt about its originality, but the expert declared it genuine.

THREE HANDS.—An observer of human nature reports that he has seen some people possessing the peculiarity of three hands—a right hand, a left hand, and a little pinkie-hand,

A Trade in Riddles.

Two persons sailed from India down the Khabar. A Jew who wished to go to Siam was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give two riddles when he was here.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his hand against it; but the only money there was a twelve-kreuzer piece, for the other was a ten-pfennig piece. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gladness. For he thought to himself—"Something may be earned, even upon the water. There is many a man has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very inactive and weary, and the Jew, with his feet under his arm, for he did not lay his aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery, as, also, is often the case with those of his nation. But at the noon called onward, and passed Thonburi and St. Volt, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped and gazed idly down the river, until one cried:

"Come, Jew! Do you know any puzzle that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to show my sharp!" And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve-kreuzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve-kreuzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever chance to enter his head.

Thus, for example, the first asked: "How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat on an empty stomach?"

All said it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid the twelve-kreuzer.

But the Jew said—"One; for he who has eaten one egg, cannot put a second upon an empty stomach," and the others paid him twelve kreaszen.

The second thought—"Wait, Jew, I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece. Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said—"Because he was not in Corinth—otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve-kreuzer piece.

The third saw the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great length as possible, and completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bamako." Then the fourth asked, "In what month do the people of Bamako eat the least?"

The Jew said—"In February, for it has only twenty-eight days."

The fifth said—"There are two natural brothers, and still one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said—"The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and a sixth asked, "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

The Jew said—"The smallest."

The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Baile to Berne in the shade, in the summer time, when the sun shines?"

The Jew said—"When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Bern to Baile, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said—"He must make fist out of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said—"The last man must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of malicious friendliness, "How can a man fry two trouts in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him the riddle.

But when the ninth declared that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes. "I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

The rest cried, "What has that to do with it? Give us the answer."

"You must not take it amiss, for I am a poor Jew."

At last, after much persuasion and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve-kreuzer pieces, and said—"I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreaszen."

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes and said that this was no soorey according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from St. Volt to Siam, they let it pass; and the Jew took with him from the vessel—a good arithmetician reckoned up for me how much the Jew carried home with him. He had nine twelve-kreuzer pieces by his answer, nine with his own riddle, one he paid back, and eight can kreaszen he gave to the captain.

A Waterbury (Conn.) youth, resentful, but incoherent over his dissipation, signed the following pledge: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages, otherwise than as a drink, and probably union prescribed by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting water."

Railroad official (with severity)—"A mistake, you say? You should have counted your change at the time. I can't rectify mistakes afterwards." Passenger (with urgency)—"Don't mention it, my dear boy. You gave me too much, that's all; but we won't say another word."

It is asserted that men who have accumulated wealth have large, rather fleshy ears, lying straight up and down, and inclined to grow hairy with advanced age. Such ears have Vandembilt, Cladie, Stewart, Dow, Peabody and Garfield.

The Pennsylvania Cemetery contains seven graves side by side, in which repose the human remains of a man and his six wives. When his first wife died the third was three years old and the fifth an infant of twelve months; while the last wife was not born until the year following the death of the first.

A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will not yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels, "Not at all," replied the innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket."

An ex-army officer in Indiana tells a story of an acquaintance, who, having removed from his native town when a young man, went back there for his wife. She had had a short time, and he journeyed back for another, who also soon "went to an angel." Again he returned to his native village, and this time he brought back two charming maidens; one he married, and the other he kept on hand as a supply in case the Reaper should make him a widower for the third time.

The other day a priest sought audience of the Pope and waited in the long room about the great evils incident to the use of tobacco, closing by begging him to order all colonization to set an example of abstinence to their flock. Pope heard him out, and then pointed to his snuff-box with the simple remark: "But I use it myself."

The St. Lawrence carries, it is said, more water to the Atlantic than the Mississippi.

Strawberries grown in the open air, are selling in Mobile for \$2 per quart.

LIGHT.—The reason why bodies have different colors, some being black, some red, etc., is this: The rays of light are divided into seven primitive colors, namely, violet, orange, red, blue, green, yellow and indigo. When light strikes on a body, if this body is of a nature to reflect the whole of the rays without decomposing them, it will appear white; for white is an assemblage of all the colors. If it reflects the red ray, and absorbs all the others, it will be red; if it absorbs all the rays except green, it will appear green; if it absorbs all the rays without exception, it will be black, for black arises from a absence of light.

The United States Courts hold that it requires 2,640 pounds to make a ton.

When a cat sings, does she do it on purpose?

Elder of Twins—"It's very vulgar to say 'You be Blown!' to each other, like those men do. Isn't it, Uncle Fred?"

Uncle Fred—"I believe it is generally considered so, my dear!"

Elder of Twins—"Yes indeed! Ethel and I, you know, we always say 'You be'

and I, "I, we always say 'You be'."

A TRADE THAT NEVER FAILS.—No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

A week or two ago a party consisting of nine children of missionaries enjoyed a sight ride together in Andover. They claimed as their birth-places, Africa, India, Persia, and Turkey.

QUITE RIGHT.—An evening contemporary relates that one of the journals which rule the world of dress concluded a recent description of attire with this remark: "With this costume the mouth is worn slightly open." By all means! A drooping lower jaw would be quite in keeping with the idiocy of some costumes. If we had to describe the Greek Bon, we should say, "With this fashion the forehead is worn narrow and receding."

It appeared on a comparison of notes at a meeting of the association of classical and high school teachers in Boston, that thirteen different styles of pronouncing Greek are used in Harvard College.

Governor Alcorn offers travelling expenses, houses, provisions, and agricultural implements, to all who will emigrate to Mississippi, his advances to be reimbursed out of the first year's crop.

A dog jumped through a plate-glass window in Geneva, and the owner of the dog offered to settle by giving the store-keeper the animal.

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from women's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishes. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right, their duty—to seek it where they could.

They also agreed to meet weekly, and to have a speaker at each meeting.

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PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for publication:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debussy Fortune," &c., &c.

Lover's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Conwell," &c.

Beamy Babe.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novel.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Falling," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECAPS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.00) subscriber, paying in advance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THIS POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Startling Statistics.

Some statistician has been figuring on the cost of an "occasional drink," and the result is positively astonishing. In answer to the question:—"How are so many drinking houses sustained?" he shows that 20 men at 30 cents a day will pay one of the tipping shops \$2,190 a year. A man who pays 30 cents a day for "drinks," pays \$100.50 a year. This is the interest on \$1,664 at 7 per cent. at simple interest. This sum, 30 cents a day, amounts in ten years to \$1,171.95. All this is wasted, paid out for "an enemy that steals away a man's brains" and robs him and his family of every comfort. Intoxicating liquors give neither strength to the body, vigor to the mind, resolution to the will, elevation to morale, dignity to character. Strong drink drags a man down from his high estate, depraves all his appetites, and leaves him in want and misery, the mere wreck and semblance of a man.

The constant use of intoxicating liquors makes hard times for many a man; thus, a family of five persons will consume four barrels of flour a year, or one thousand and fifty-six pounds of bread. This is nearly three pounds a day. Good flour can be bought now for \$7 a barrel; four times seven makes 28; and thirty cents a day for drinks is \$100.50, or \$81.50 more per year than the bread for a family of five persons costs. "But," says A., "I only take two drinks a day." Very well, you pay then for your drinks \$73 a year; only \$45 more than you pay for the bread consumed by your whole family, if it contains five persons. This sum would provide tea and coffee for them.

Here, then, we see that the man who pays even twenty cents a day for liquor, spends a sum sufficient to supply his family with bread, tea, and coffee for the year. Is it strange that times are hard, that men complain of the government, and charge that it oppresses them with enormous taxes? The above figures show how men tax themselves, and how they tax the property too.

Green Dresses.

Green ball dresses are always much in fashion for the fair-complexioned ladies whom they suit. But the bright green which looks so charming carries death with it, and the dressmakers who make up the dresses, and the ladies who wear them, suffer from the effects of the arsenite of copper which gives the much-admired dye. We extract a note sent to a contemporary, which contains a warning as to these poisonous ball dresses.

You are read in so many households where ball dresses are required that I am sure you will do good service in calling attention to the green batiste, of which and its arsenical dye I sent you a note the other day. I wrote to the firm who supplied the sample I examined, and in reply they say, "We are aware that the green batiste contains arsenic in the dye, and some time since we gave instructions to our assistants to mention it to all customers purchasing it, and believe it is now generally known by ladies, and we feel ourselves compelled to keep it to supply our customers to prevent them going elsewhere." It is certainly not generally known by ladies that this green is arsenite of copper, and I am sure that a hint from you would save many a dressmaker from the evils to which she is now subjected by thoughts of ignorant customers.

It is a dreadful depth of poverty when a man cannot pay his attentions to the

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

The sun shone on her home by day,
By night the moonbeams fair;
And, as of old in Israel,
"Twas never darkness there.
All the people marvelled much
To see the wondrous sight;
"She can't be but a S.-int," they said,
"Who has unfading light."

"Nay, nay," spoke she, "no saint is she;
For she is always gay;
Her laugh is clear, and bright the smile
That on her lips doth play;
And light and gaieness is her step,
For unto her comes life
More like a child's long game of play,
Than a Christian's weary strife.

"None ever saw her smile her breast,
Or ever weep for sin;
The gatherer of the joys of earth:
No saint is she, I ween.
The Saviour loves hardness, vigil, fast,
And discipline and prayer;
And what their Master bore for them,
For His dear sake to bear."

Yet still the golden sun by day,
And the pure fair moon by night,
Though darkness might be all around—
With her made always light.
And still the people marvelled all,
The wonder grew apace—
What God saw in that lady's soul
To call for such a grace.

The holy Bishop came to her,
And solemnly he spake;
"My daughter, tell me of your facts,
And of the food you take."
The lady smiled, as to herself,
And answered, low and sweet,
Of divers meats and delicate,
My Lord, I always eat."

"Then plainly answer me, my child,
And tell me if you wear
Beneath that soft and glistening silk,
A painful robe of hair?—
If that robe take into your life
The sufferings borne for you;
If thus the Cross of Calvary
You always keep in view."

"My Father," clear she spake again,
"No robe of hair is mine;
The linen that I ever use
Is white, and soft, and fine."
The holy man, perplexed sore,
Turned back upon his way;
And still the moon shone on by night,
And God's bright sun by day.

And as he journeying left the place
For some three days behind,
Anon, the while he prayed, there came
A thought into his mind.
And speeding back, once more he reached
That lady's house full soon,
A pure white house, ensilver'd o'er
By rays of winter moon.

"My daughter"—and his voice was low
And hushed as if in prayer—
"Lov'st thou not greatly Christ our Lord?"
And straight there fell on her
A dazzling radiance as from Heavens,
And such a smile of love,
As Angels nearest to the Throne
May wear, we think, above.

"He is my Lord, my Love, my All,
The sweetness of my life;
He is my Strength in weakness—He
Strives with me in the strife.
I am in Him and He in me,
My only Hope and Stay;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day."

"My heart is faint to break with joy
When on His Love I think;
'Neath that sweet burden, save for Him,
My soul must faint and sink."
She panted: and then he laid his hand
Upon her gold-crowned head,
And blessed her with a blessing high
Ere on his way he sped. S. B.

Gold and Silver Mines.

The richest and most valuable mines have in almost all instances been discovered by accident; often by ignorant persons, who knew not the value of their own discovery, and by children. To an Indian hunter is owed the knowledge of the chief American mines, and to the shepherd the silver mines of Peru. This latter leading his flock to feed on the slopes of the Andes, lighted a fire to cook his meal, when a pebble heated by the flame attracted his attention by shining like silver. He found the stone valuable and weighty, and finally carried it to the mint in Lima, where it was tested, and proved to be good ore. As the Spanish laws, with a view to encourage mine-discovery, make the property of the finder, this lucky shepherd became a millionaire.

The Sacramento gold-fields were discovered by a Mormon laborer, who worked in a saw-mill. Again in North Carolina, in 1799, a child picked up a yellow stone, of which his father, a rude settler, thought nothing, but because it weighed fifteen pounds, used it as a door-faster for his cabin, for he was so poor that the door had no latch. He showed this stone to one of his few visitors, and he opined it to be a metal of some sort, after which verdict the owner used to exhibit it as a curious rock specimen. Three years afterwards, on going to the market of Lafayette, he took the thing to a goldsmith, and asked fifteen shillings for it, which was very willingly paid. It was in reality a nugget worth £2575. Thus it took four years to find out that the yellow stones in the streams of California were gold.

It is fair to state, however, that science has occasionally predicted where the precious metals have afterwards been found. Sir Roderick Murchison, for instance, after a visit to the auriferous tracts of the Urals Mountains, was struck by their great similarity to some rock specimens from East Australia; and in his address to the Geological Society in 1844, prophesied that gold would be found in the latter region.

Led by his observations, one Smith, engaged in the iron-works at Birraria, searched for gold, and found it. He came to the governor of the colony with a nugget in his hand. "See what I have found," said he; "give me five hundred pounds, and I will show you the pieces!" which the governor declined to do. Again, Macgregor, a Scotch shepherd, used to sell grains and nuggets of gold to the goldsmiths of Sydney, but would never reveal whence he got them.

It is not usual, however, for discoverers

of the precious metals to be prudent; they consider themselves "lucky" in this particular case, and will leave or sell a good "find" in hopes of finding a better. This is what the Spaniards call "the miners' frenzy." Thus, the richer vein of silver in Chile was discovered by Godoy, a hunter in the Andes. Fatigued by the chase, he seated himself, on one occasion, under the shelter of a great rock, and was struck by the color and brightness of a projecting part. He chipped the stone with a knife, and finding he could cut it (to use his own expression) like cheese, he took a specimen of it to Copiapo. It was found to be chloride of silver. He agreed to share the profits of his discovery with a rich man, who engaged to work the mine; they came at once to mass of silver; but Godoy sold his interest in the mine for two thousand eight hundred pounds, and started to find more mines; and having wandered about the Andes for some years, died, having met with no more "luck" and without a penny.

Two brothers, named Bolados, discovered near Copiapo, in a crevice opened by some earthquake, an enormous block of silver ore, the cutting, transport, and fusion of which was so easy, that these ignorant men effected it without assistance; and in less than two years, realized one hundred and forty thousand pounds. They squandered, however, this enormous sum in gambling and dissipation; and when their mine became suddenly exhausted, they had not even the wretched pittance left on which they had begun.

The history of the discoverers of the famous Allison-Ranch in Nevada is a more satisfactory one. Some poor Irishmen, workers in a neighboring mine, were so fortunate as to hit upon it. They were so unlettered as not to be able to write their names, but they were excellent fellows. They first built a chapel, to thank God for his favors; then they erected handsome villas, and placed their workmen in exceptional positions; and they went by turns every week to San Francisco to spend their ingots of gold. They retain their simplicity, though with an income as large as that of many princes in Europe, but refuse to furnish any statement of their receipts.

The success of Gould and Curry in their Nevada silver mine is even more astounding: they were so poor that they were at first obliged to barter two-thirds of their claim to a grocer for the necessities of life, notwithstanding which they have realized enormous sums for their own portion. Including the product of 1857, the Gould and Curry Company have got fourteen millions of dollars out of their mine.

The history of the Monte Catini Mine in Tuscany is very curious. M. Porte, its original owner, was half ruined by it, and sold it in 1857. Immediately afterwards, a block of massive ore was found that paid all expenses, and left four thousand pounds net profit. Then for fifteen years the mine produced forty thousand pounds a year, and still continues to yield largely. M. Porte, who had witnessed this heart-rending spectacle of the immediate success of others where he had labored in vain for years, soon died of grief. His marble bust adorns the entrance of the principal gallery of Monte Catini, but his heirs are poor.

M. Simonin, who is, we suspect, a man of genius as well as of science, has left no stone unturned in the elucidation of his subject. He has even had a personal experience of the Spanish diviners, those who, by a hand-wand, tell you what precious metals lie beneath your feet; but the experiment was not satisfactory.

In the mines of the French Alps, a very curious proceeding is adopted, which was invented by a lady, Madame Rey. She would explore the mountains holding a piece of string, to which was attached a five-franc piece, a piece of lead, or a large copper coin, and pretended that this pendulum vibrated on approaching the vicinity of a lode. She marked with stones the places where this happened, and then connected the points with an imaginary line, saying:—"That is the direction of the lode." M. Simonin does not attach much importance to this method, which, indeed, contradicts the law of physics, which asserts that bodies of the same nature mutually repel each other—but he allows that Madame Rey has really discovered hitherto unknown mines.—Simonin's Mines and Miners.

Three Poets.

Cambridge is the home of three of the foremost of American poets—Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. The venerable home, which was the birthplace of the latter, stands in a picturesque and shady corner, opposite the college-yard, looking out upon the Common and the churches and graveyard. His father, a former minister of the town, was also distinguished as the author of the "American Annals," a standard work of early American history. His house was the Revolutionary headquarters of General Ward.

Prof. Lowell (for all of the triad of poets are, or have been, professors in the university) lives in a fine old house, situated about half-way between the village and Mount Auburn, in the midst of a large enclosure, well shaded by venerable trees, which the poet tenderly cherishes, for here, under their shadow, he was born—and here, what is rare in this country, he still in middle life has remained to this day.

The fine old mansion, once the headquarters of Washington, is an object of interest to all visitors, usually attracting attention from its size and elegance of design, and its spacious grounds, apart from the patriotic associations that have for years made it almost a sacred spot in the eyes of all. This interesting house has been preserved unchanged since the days when the great Father of his Country dwelt within its walls, and, with anxious heart, walked in the old box-lined paths of its spacious gardens. Still overshadowed by some of the old elms that sheltered him, it stands, not a ruin, like his own Mount Vernon, but as this day one of the most elegant mansions, in all its appointments, that is anywhere to be found.

And well may it be so preserved; for, during many years, it has been the property and the home of Longfellow, who, in the judgment of the world, stands among the foremost of the poets of our time. As his residence it has gained a new fame, and another claim to veneration in the hearts of Americans. Long may it be his home, in his reverent hands secure from alteration or ruin, while preserved by his poems care!

THE HARVEST COURANT tantalizes its readers with this slycote: "Have you heard of the man who got shot?" "Got shot? No, how did he get shot?" "He bought 'em." [After this, we are ready to believe anything of Connecticut.]

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

The rose has faded from thy cheek,
And furrowed is thy brow;
Thy sparkling eyes, that seemed to speak,
Are dull and heavy now;
The looks on thy beloved head,
That once were like to golden thread,
Are white as winter snow;
Yet in my love for thee not dead,
My love of long ago.

A Visit to Tennyson.

I went to the door of Faringford with a letter from Robert Browning, and was received with cordiality. After dinner he took me up to his study, where he sat smoking and talking in the frankness manner. Among other things, he told me of the people who waylaid him, the incidents being sometimes very amusing. Two men, for example, having got into his garden separately, one climbed a tree at the approach of the other. The other seeing him, called out softly, "I twig!" and immediately climbed an other tree. And yet he declared that no man was more accessible than he to anyone who had any good reason for wishing to see him, or had any introduction to him. So I, for one, certainly found it, the hospitalities of Faringford having been offered to me beyond my willingness to accept them. It had been a stormy evening, and the night was of pitchy darkness when I started out, against kind invitations to remain, to go to the "Albion" inn, near by. Tennyson insisted on showing me a nearer way, but amidst the darkness got off his bearings. Bidding me walk close behind him, we went forward through the mud, when suddenly I found myself precipitated some eight or ten feet downward. Sitting in the mud, I called on the poet to pause; but it was too late; he was speedily seated beside me. This was seeing the Laureate of England in a new light, or, rather, hearing him under a new darkness. Covered with mud, groping about in the darkness, he improved the odd occasion with such an incessant run of witticisms and anecdotes that I had to conclude that we had reached a condition which had discovered treasures of fun and humor in him before unsuspected. His deep bass voice came through the congenial darkness like a mournful throb, not without flashes of light; and the shades of all who ever stumbled in the night seemed around him, and to remind him of a whole literature of such emergencies. Vexation was at least not among the shadows that encompassed us, though for a time we were wandering in a muddy field, with no object, not even the sky visible. "That this should have happened after dinner!" he exclaimed. "Do not mention this to the temperance folk." Tennyson's love of fun, his wealth of witty stories, were from the first a surprise to me. But, indeed, he is personally very different in every way from the man I expected to see. Tall, of dark complexion, with deep and blunt voice and manner, almost Knight-like in its plainness, fond of the homeliest Saxon words, he seemed to be the last person one would have picked out as the delicate and supercilious idyl. In conversation he never rose into anything like the heroic strain, except when speaking of England. His pride is of the philosophical questions of the day also, his interest in which has led to the foundation of the meetings for discussion between Huxley, Tyndall, Dr. Manning, James Martineau, himself, and others. Next morning it was found that Mrs. Tennyson had directed the gardener to make some improvements at that point which had not been completed. A walk was in existence there, however, at the close of the next day, to which was given a name commemorative of the catastrophe, which was happily without any unpleasant results.

The next morning was brilliant, and the poet took me on a walk around the manor, of which he is lord, the advantages of which he can have his sheep grass on the common, which otherwise belongs as much to the public as to himself. The house is modest and cheerful, surrounded by beautiful trees, with, on one side, a thicket of wild bushes and pines, very favorable to the purists already mentioned. The window of his study opens on a magnificent sea view. The quiet home where Tennyson dwells, surrounded by a charming household, is well portrayed in his invitation to the Rev. F. Maurice:—

"Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown.
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down."

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine."

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter stand;
And further on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

The poet has sometimes received as well as sent out poetical invitations. Here is one from Walter Savage Landor:—

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my hamlet of revision;
I have, too, a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within,
And, as sure as I'm a rhymier,
Half a butt of Budweiser.
Come; among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson!"

When I have seen the Laureate in London, he has always seemed, in dress, manner, and expression, to be out of place, as a wild wood-bird might be alighting for a moment in Hyde Park, but dreaming of the forest whose glooms its wings were meant to light up. He is the natural companion of the clouds, the down, and

the breaking waves, with the far-off

March 12, 1870.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

5

THE DAWKES IN THE CLOUDS.
BY MARY JANE KANE.

We were to meet at midday down the lane,
To cross those hills that pathway in the shade.

Of the old friend's heart's true—
Of the old home,

Hunting "Cuckoo" on the highway road;

Lovely the scene, the bower bower, as each
Burst into silence, into shadow, light;

Each bower seemed to hold his breath in awe.

Shrinking shrinking from approaching night.

As pale, the last red cloud in heaven, she came;

Her light step quickening as she onward drew;

The two she met not with was sadly gay,

And my lip trembled, for her thoughts I knew;

The morrow was to be our wedding day,

And this fair Summer's night brought to its close

The long sweet story of our love; the thoughts

Was joy, yet sadness dashed it as it rose.

"Twas sad to feel our pleasant meetings o'er,

Though came no more the grief that bade us part;

It had become the habit of our love—

Ah, me! the love of that fond, gentle heart!

No storm of fate could shake it where it grew,

Or strew the lovely blossoms that it bore;

She loved as women rarely love but once,

A love that can return, and sake no more.

We met in silence, and a moment's space

Each stood with downcast eyes; the time had been

Our joy had flooded forth in words, but now

It seemed beyond all language—calm— serene—

It was an earnest of what life would be—

The placid feeling that inspired each breast.

I took her hand—I drew her to my side—

"Dear love!"—her raised eyes, tearful,

Spoke the rest of her I have you.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "THE RED COUNTRY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE POSTER-DOOR.

The wild wind was whistling and booming round the station at Chilling as the train came rushing along in the dusk of a fine evening, when autumn was merging itself into winter. Time, working its changes and changes, had extended still farther the branch of the Abberdon railway; and Chilling itself had a station now. It was not much more than a bleak little shed and a telegraph-box; but Chilling was proud of it, and at least three trains a day stopped there.

It brought freight this time. Out of one first-class compartment stepped Thomas Kage, out of another Mrs. Dunn—Lydia Canterbury in the days gone by; neither of whom had known that the other was in the train. It sometimes happens so. Both of them had come down unexpectedly—that is, unknown to their friends in Chilling. A solitary fly was waiting outside. Mrs. Dunn made for it in haste, lest anybody else should appropriate it first, and was calling out to the porter to bring her luggage, when Thomas Kage went up to her.

"Goodness me!" cried she in her off-hand manner, "what brings you here?"

"I have come down on a little business," he answered, "I did not know you were in the train."

"I'm sure I did not know you were. I wish I had known it. Would you like a seat in the fly? I am going to surprise them at Thorhedge Villa; they don't know of my coming."

"No, thank you. I shall see you soon."

The fly, laden with its luggage, was rattled off. Mrs. Dunn ordered it to stop at Chilling Rectory; it lay in the line of route to Thorhedge Villa; and indeed, in her usual free-and-easy independence, she had not quite made up her mind which dwelling to honor with a first visit. Thomas Kage thought she must have come to surprise some of them with a tolerably long sojourn, as he looked after the pile of boxes on the fly's roof.

Turning away, he found himself greeted by a respectable, portly man, wearing the black clothes and white necktie of an upper servant. Mr. Kage knew the face, but could not remember where he had seen it.

"Neel, sir; butler at the Rock."

"To be sure," said Mr. Kage. "I remember Miss Dawkes told me you remained at the Rock."

"Yes, sir. They wanted a responsible person to take charge at the Rock during their long absence from it, what with the valuable paintings and furniture, so I have stayed; and the Major took on a London butler up there, who robbed them frightfully, we hear."

"Is Mrs. Dawkes staying at the Rock now?"

"She is, sir. She has never been away from it since she came down when the poor little lad died in the summer. I think she is very ill, sir."

"I will see her to-morrow," said Mr. Kage.

He walked away with Neel's last words ringing in his ears, carrying his small travelling-bag in his hand—for he had the same propensity to wait on himself as of yore, when practicable. He had not seen Mrs. Dawkes since the day of the child's funeral. Twice he had written to her at the Rock, friendly notes of inquiry as to her health and welfare; but Mrs. Dawkes had not answered either. When he met the Major in town, as would happen sometimes by chance, he was told Mrs. Dawkes was pretty well, and enjoying the country.

During the long vacation a matter of pressing business connected with Lord Hartfield had taken Mr. Kage first to Switzerland and then to Scotland. He returned to London in October, was up to his eyes in business for a fortnight, and had now travelled to Chilling for a specific purpose—

to find Canterbury to be his wife.

There had been but few moments of the kind of time between the two, though a week, and then word forth again; for he waited to put the question at root without delay. Taking the shortest way to Thorhedge Villa—the Miss Canterbury residence since their father's ill-famed second marriage—he was entering the garden-gate, when a young lady, running up with fleet footsteps from the opposite direction, nearly ran against him.

"Millicent!"

She gave a little scream of surprise, and started in the dark from the extended hand. But it was truly and veritably Thomas Kage—his wife, his hand, himself—and Miss Millicent flushedly begged his pardon, and blushed like a rosy girl.

"It has surprised me. There's scarcely any one in this world I should have less thought of meeting than you. I have been to the schools," Millicent added rapidly, as if wishing to cover some agitation that she was very conscious her manner betrayed. "My sister Jane is not strong, and I take the trouble of the schools from her."

"I think there is another surprise in store for you. What should you say if I told you your sister is here?"

"Mrs. Before?" asked Millicent, looking towards the windows of the house.

"Mrs. Dunn."

"Quite possible, and quite true," said Thomas Kage.

"But she is in Germany. We are beginning to think she intends to take up her abode there for good."

"I think she must be intending to take it up here for good. I judge by the marks that have come with her."

Millicent laughed. "He explained about the meeting as they walked along. In point of fact, Mrs. Dunn, obeying one of her many sudden whims, had taken it into her head to quit Germany, and come down to see her relatives. The writing to inform them she had looked upon as quite superfluous.

Millicent's pulses were beating. Here had in truth been a lasting love, enduring through many years and no encouragement. No encouragement, at least, that she could take hold of, though now and again many tones and looks, in their rare meetings, might have whispered hope to her heart.

"You have not seen Mrs. Dawkes lately?" observed Millicent.

"Not since her child died. What a blow that was!"

"A worse one for her than we can even imagine, I fear," said Millicent. "She looks fearfully ill, but we very rarely meet. You have come down, I suppose, to see her?"

"Not so. I came down, Millicent, to see you."

A hot blush in her face, a startled look, visible even in the dim twilight. Mr. Kage touched her arm, and drew her down a side-path they were passing.

"Let us walk here for a few minutes, Millicent."

Seated by her dressing-room fire, with little provision of the surprises in store for her, was Olive Canterbury. The door opened softly, and Millicent came in.

"Olive, will you go into the drawing-room?" she said. "Some one is there."

"Who is it, Letta?" asked Miss Canterbury, wondering what could have sent the young lady's face into its nearest glow.

"Thomas Kage. He came down by train. He wants to see you."

Down sat Millicent as she spoke; she was not wanted in the drawing-room. Olive Canterbury took notice of the signs—the faltering tones and the downcast eyes—drew her conclusions, and passed out of the room with a steady step. As to Mrs. Dunn, she had gone out of Letta's mind wholly.

"Your visit is unexpected, but I am very glad to see you," said Olive, shaking Mr. Kage's hand heartily, for he was a great favorite of hers.

"My visit is to Millicent," he answered, plumping at once into the matter that had brought him down.

"I have come to ask her to be my wife. I should have asked it long ago, but that briefs did not come in so quickly as I wished. They have taken a turn for the better of late."

"And what does Millicent say?"

"Millicent ran away and said nothing," he answered with a smile; "nothing very decisive, at any rate. So I called out that I had better see you."

"A good sign," laughed Miss Canterbury.

"I fancy you and Letta have understood each other for some time," she added. "I know I used to think so when we were in London."

"Tactily, I think we have. And I hope Millicent has understood why it was only tactily. I was too poor to speak."

"Millicent's fortune would have helped you on, Mr. Kage."

"It is that fortune which has kept me from her," he replied.

"It need not. It is only ten thousand pounds."

Thomas Kage raised his eyes, bright with amusement, to Miss Canterbury's face.

"Only ten thousand! A very paltry sum, no doubt, to the Miss Canterbury, reared to their hundreds of thousands, but a formidable to a struggling barrister."

"Reared to their hundreds of thousands; yes!" retorted Miss Canterbury, with a swelling heart, "but not enjoying them."

Sitting down, he went briefly over his position with her, showing her what his present income was; saying how greatly the bequest of the two houses from Mrs. Garrison had helped him on. He should scarcely think himself justified yet in removing to the larger of the two, according to the wish expressed by his kind old friend, he said; but Millicent should decide the point for herself. Both of them evidently took her consent to the marriage for granted. Miss Canterbury asked him to stay and partake of dinner, without ceremony.

"Just as good, when you assert that nobody was near him but Judith."

"Judith never left him; that appears to be a fact," interposed Miss Canterbury, speaking for the first time. "The medical men thought the poison had been taken about evening time, did they not, Mr. Kage?"

Thomas Kage nodded.

"Now, Olive, pray let me speak," broke in her impudent sister. "You were in the way of hearing it at the time, remember. Mr. Kage, I want to know what your opinion is—how did he come by the poison? Do you suspect any one of having given it to him. Answer me frankly amidst ourselves."

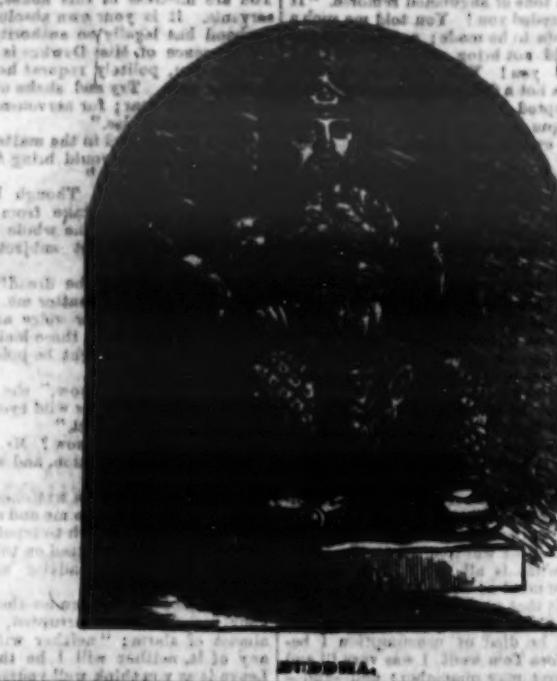
"Frankly speaking, Mrs. Dunn, I cannot answer you. As to suspecting any one—No. The child seemed to have been so entirely encompassed about by protection, that I do not see how it was possible for harm, whether in the shape of mankind or woman-kind, to approach him. The master to me appears to be one of those mysteries that cannot be accounted for."

"Then you positively know nothing more to tell me!" cried the exasperated Mrs. Dunn.

"I really do not."

"Well, I'm sure I never heard of such a thing. So unsatisfactory! Where's Judith now?"

"Judith took another situation after-



"Millicent, I am sorry to tell you that Mrs. Dunn has just now—"

"I shall not make you the less bold by telling you the secret of her life over."

"I shall not tell you the less bold by telling you the secret of her life over."

"I shall not make you the less bold by telling you the secret of her life over."

"I shall not tell you the secret of her life over."

"I shall not tell you the secret of her life over."

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"I shall not tell you the secret of her life over."

"

was has changed her apartment for those. I didn't want her to. Edgar Canterbury died to them; and I thought it looked like a bad omen; but Miss Dawkes said she was to go in them if she liked, and not be perturbed in such a trifles. But for her being in them, I'm sure I don't know how ever you would have got to her-to-night, sir, unknown."

"To whom does Mrs. Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he asked, "To the servants?"

"Chiefly to Miss Dawkes, sir. But there's none of them she'd trust, except me and Mrs. Kage; they are all superior persons. Mind your face, sir."

"It all sounded mysterious enough, especially Fry's voice. The shades were drawn and hung, and the communication as to his face was interrupted by the spreading darkness, the door—a small iron door—being completely hidden by them. Fry despatched his way to it, took a key from her pocket, and turned it in the lock. After a great deal of creaking and groaning, the door allowed itself to be pushed open. Mr. Kage saw a flight of narrow stairs, on one of which stood a lighted hand-lamp.

"You must excuse the dust, sir. It's an inch thick."

Locking the door behind her, she took the lamp to light him up. At the top of the stairs another door had to be opened, and a dark closet passed through. This brought them to the habitable part of the south wing. Crossing the richly-carpeted corridor, Thomas Kage found himself in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes.

CHAPTER XXXVII. IN THE SOUTH WING.

Shocked though Mr. Kage had been by Fry's account of her mistress's state, far far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small but handsome, and replete with every comfort. Mrs. Dawkes sat on a sofa near the fire; her features were white and attenuated, her lips and cheeks sunken inward fever, and a dark circle surrounded her wild bright eyes. The black silk dress she wore sat loosely; her beautiful golden hair, bound back by a bit of black ribbon, fell carelessly on her shoulders. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them in silence.

"Fry," said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look beyond him, "remain in the room next the ladies' door. If she comes to the door, call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her. I am too unwell to go down now, and can see no one here."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry as she went out and closed the door.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express. He thought her culpably wrong to give way to this intense grief, but supposed it had become morbid. She gazed up into his face with a yearning look.

"Years ago, in this very house," she began, "you said that you would henceforth from that time be unto me as a brother, other relationship between us being barred. You said that if ever I were in need of a true friend, I was to apply to you. I have put aside the old feelings—I have indeed; but I want a friend. Will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your best and truest friend; your brother."

He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up—you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor—strong green-baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draughts."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as the look; unpleasantly singular; it was the manner, the tone in which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.

"I think I dreamt of this evening—of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indistinctly to my mind. And I knew that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up for that, as well as to keep her out—and him, when he is down here."

"You—dreamt of this evening?" asked Thomas Kage, not catching distinctly the thread of the sense.

"I seem to have foreseen it. I knew that I should need to see you before I die—for who else is there that I can trust?—and I knew that so long as she could get access to me there was no chance of any private conversation. Besides, I wanted to be alone, all to myself; away from the weariness of her continual presence, from her observations. She's a spy upon me. See it."

A strange fear came over Thomas Kage as he listened. Had she in any degree lost her mind? Something in the words and the unconnected tones suggested the thought to him. But he was wrong. Highly feverish she was; her mind restless, her manner nervous; but nothing more.

"I know she is placed over me as a spy. I can see it, and so can Fry; but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great sense of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority to turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be as long as I live; and I sent for the man, and gave my orders, and had the door put up."

"You speak of Mrs. Dawkes?"

"Yes. She watches me like a cat by night and by day. What do you think?—she actually proposed to take Fry's place in my room at night. It was the first time he was down after we came here. That did arouse me. I told him, that if his sister pushed herself too much on me—and he knew I had never cared for her—I should apply for a separation from him, and be rid of both of them. I can't think how I ever took courage to say it; but Mr. Carlton had called that day, and Miss Canterbury had called, and it seemed to make me think I was not quite without friends, and that I need not be so much afraid. We have moments of inspiration, you know. It answered too; for nothing more was said about her sleeping in my room. And then the time went on, and I moved into this wing, and had the door put up. She does not know of the position I stand in."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your imagination is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you, my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And as to excitement—let any one lose a child in the way I did, and see if imagination would ever calm down again."

"But you do try every way to indulge this excessive grief. I must point out your error,

now, Caroline; you know I have always spoken for your good, your welfare."

"Oh, yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of ungrateful remonance. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good. If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes was not a fit husband for me. The same, I accepted him in a fit of angry passion; of rage against you."

"These events are past; why should they be?"

"Why not recall them? I am passing from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blindfold to the grave; though I may have lived blindfold, or partially so. When you quitted the Rock, after that decisive interview had taken place between us, which I can see you remember as vividly as I, I assured her that what became of me, I was bitterly sorry with you; when the man proposed again to me, I believe I accepted him only because you had warned me not to do so, and I hoped it would vex you. God has punished me."

"It cannot be recalled, Caroline; surely you may let it rest," he rejoined. "I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off. He is at rest; he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind as well as in body; what distress is it that you are suffering from?"

"I must have infected a touch of papa's complaint; he died of consumption I believe. Before Tom went, I was very ill and weak, as you may remember; and—the shock, I suppose, prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief!"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are pressing upon me; things which I cannot speak of; and whenever As is at the Rock, I am in a dreadful state of nervousness. And no one knows how As being here angers me and worries me."

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer. He could not remark, either, the strange avoidance of her husband's and Miss Dawkes's names.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that press upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered.

"I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard. Which was quite a foolish apprehension; for the south wing, enclosed within its strong walls, was entirely apart from the rest of the house, and Fry, the only present inmate save themselves, sat in her far-off chamber, near the green baize entrance-door. Caroline bent towards her cousin and spoke; but in so low a tone that he did not catch the words, and had to ask her again.

"I—wast—a-will-made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No—no."

"Then it is right and proper that you should make one. And without delay."

"Will you construe that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions and get it executed?"

"My dear, what all this?" he rejoined.

"The shortest way, the best way, will be to tell me what you say, Caroline. What things are they that press upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered.

"I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard. Which was quite a foolish apprehension; for the south wing, enclosed within its strong walls, was entirely apart from the rest of the house, and Fry, the only present inmate save themselves, sat in her far-off chamber, near the green baize entrance-door. Caroline bent towards her cousin and spoke; but in so low a tone that he did not catch the words, and had to ask her again.

"I—wast—a-will-made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No—no."

"Then it is right and proper that you should make one. And without delay."

"Will you construe that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions and get it executed?"

"My dear, what all this?" he rejoined.

"The shortest way, the best way, will be to tell me what you say, Caroline. What things are they that press upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WIT AND HUMOR.

How the Sergeant "Came in Over the Hill."

A Frenchman's account of the sergeant and his wife.

Moreover Adam, he wakes up; he goes into the domesticality of his wife. Voilà de la chaise. "Bon jour, Madame Iv." Madame Iv, she wakes; she looks her face before to her face. Adam puts up his eyes to admire so tableau. "They make one premonition." Madame Iv, she had angry; she cut appeal or no other. Sergeant no promises our favors, makes one walk on no tree. "Home is Sergeant," say Iv, "would you not have to house to pack me come appeal, J'ai faim?" "Certainly," Madame, "say so sergeant, charme de vous faire." "Haha, mon ami, un r-r-star word," say Adam: "comme ça, que ça va, vous faire! What mademoiselle is now—you must not pack so appeal." He makes, he takes one pinch of snuff; he say: "Ah! Monsieur Adam, do you not know now is morning preferable for so ladies? Madame Iv, permit me to offer you some of this fruit, defiance." Iv, she makes one continue, so make he fill her whole pants with appeal; he say: "With about Dose, Monsieur Adam, he will eat no appeal, he will become like one Diem, know to good and as evil; but you, madame, but you, madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess than you are now." And so finish Madame Iv.

Poison Botanically Considered.

The Master (Eng.) Chang has this clever burlesque on the style of scientific lectures—Prof. Tyndall, especially. "Experiment has proved that the juice of three or four lemons, and three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar dissolved in about three pints of boiling water, give stuporous waves which strike the palate at such intervals, that the shrillness and acidity of the lemon juice and the sharpness of the sugar are no longer distinguishable. We have, in fact, a harmony of opposite notes. The pitch, however, is too low, and to heighten it we infuse in the boiling water the fragrant yellow fluid of one lemon. Here we might pause, if the soul of man craved no higher result than lemonade. But, to obtain the culminating asperity of punch, we must dash into the bowl at least a pint of rum, and nearly the same volume of brandy. The molecules of alcohol, sugar and citric acid collide, an entirely new series of vibrations is produced—tritons to which the dullest palate is attuned. In punch, then, we have rhythm within rhythm, and all that philosophy can do is to take kindly to its subtle harmonies."

An Excess of Good Nature.

How laudable the effort when one desires to make everybody feel pleased! There was old Dave Weeks, of Salisbury, Missouri, a hard-working man, who, in harvest time would "hire out" to the farmers for high wages. Once, when hands were scarce, Farmer B. secured Dave in season. The first day in harvest, before noon, Mr. A. came where Mr. B. and Dave were at work, and asked the latter to help him next day. Dave readily assented. Soon after, Mr. C. came on the same errand, and Dave, with equal alacrity, promised him. Farmer B., a straight, thorough-going Presbyterian, was a little surprised at the promptitude with which Dave promised to work for so many on the same day, so he said: "Why, Dave, what do you mean?" First you promised to help me to-morrow; and now you've promised to help two others—what do you mean?" "Oh," says Dave, "the fact is, I like to see everybody go away feeling good. That's all there is to it."

Woe Unto You.

An Arkansas preacher of the hard-shell persuasion announced that on the following Sabbath he would "preach agin Sunday-school."

When the day arrived, he took for his text: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees."

"My brethering," said he, "that ain't narry text in this yer Bible that weren't giv to us for a rule, and a guide, and a consolation—ah. Now, my brethering, when we want a home to stop when he is gettin' too rousin' we sing out ter that yer home, woe-ah. So the Bible, seemin' thar Scribes and Pharisees strikin' out too reachin' a gait—like them per Sunday-school fellers—says to them, woe-ah."

This finished the Sunday-school for that year.

The Quakeresse Muse.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him.

The officer waited patiently some time, when the fair Quakers coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband.

"Nay, friend," said she: "I promised that he would see thee. He hath seen thee. He did not like thy looks, therefore he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path."

DANGERS OF COURTING FAT GIRLS.—I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very flashy. She was enormous. But the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things. I unsewed part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around, and there I found another fellow exciting her on the left side. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my conceit, as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once.—Don P. F.

A NOTION seller was offering a Tanaka cloak, finely varnished and colored, with a looking-glass in the front, to a certain lady, not remarkable for her personal beauty. "Why, it is beautiful," said the vendor. "Beautiful, indeed, a look at it almost frightens me," said the lady. "Then, mark," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better take one that isn't got no looking-glass."

GOOD ADVICE.—"I am the great American inventor," said Daniel Frost, so he uttered, unvarnished, a certain newspaper office. "Well, travel," was the unambitious and only response of the editor.



BATHING AWKWARD.

ELIGIBLE, YOUNG BACHELOR (making call).—"Well, Master Fred, you don't know who I am."

Too CANDID YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Oh, but I do though! You're the chap ma says would be such a good catch for our Lizzie!"

TAKING HIM DOWN.—That was not a bad reply given recently at a barn-raising in Pennsylvania to a young man who had been relating his more than wonderful exploits in the shifting variety of the lemon juice and the varying sweetness of the sugar are no longer distinguishable. We have, in fact, a harmony of opposite notes. The pitch, however, is too low, and to heighten it we infuse in the boiling water the fragrant yellow fluid of one lemon. Here we might pause, if the soul of man craved no higher result than lemonade. But, to obtain the culminating asperity of punch, we must dash into the bowl at least a pint of rum, and nearly the same volume of brandy.

"Give Me a Pin, and I'll Show You a Show."

BY J. D. BURTON.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show!" My little boy shouts as he climbs my knee; And he holds up his toy with childish joy: "Peep through the hole and see what you'll see!"

He fancies I'm tranced with the wheeling stars And the shifting crosses of green and gold: But my heart looks out through the years that are gone, And these are the pictures it sees unrolled:

A bright lad reading a pictured page To a fair young girl, who is kneeling there— "And when I am king you shall wear my ring, And weave me a scarf of your waving hair!"

A bride half turned at her bridal door, All her sweet face lit by the taper's glow That one white hand holds, while the other enfolds His neck, as she murmurs, "I love you so!"

A warrior armed for the marrow's field: To his breast is clinging a weeping wife; And she sobs, "If you fall, I will lose my all, But, dearest, your honor is more than life."

A mother, hushing her restless babe, Suddenly ceases the ordain-song, And the wan lips cry, "If he come not, I die, For my heart is faint with watching so long!"

Ab! never those lips will greet him again: Cold, cold is that heart on the wintry sheet. Though her lord spurs fast through the rising blast, Too late! too late! Nevermore shall they meet.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show!" My darling! henceforward, through life, to me, The bravest shows that the wide world knows.

Are not worth the weight of your childish fee. —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Dressing of Wives.

A remark has recently been made apropos of a lawsuit, in which a wife's excessive love of dress was commented on, to the effect that "whilst extravagant wives are a very common phenomenon, extravagant old maidens are almost unheard of." Although

they calculate less closely than their unmarried sisters the exact return a pecuniary outlay is likely to yield. But does it follow that pure love of pleasure and display are the cause of the more lavish expenditure? May it not be that most married women, in a position of life which enables them to contract expenses, have claims upon their income which, whether well founded or not, keep their purse-strings constantly loose?

Granting that many foolish wives in an obscure path of life bedeck themselves in costly clothing for no earthly reason than for the sake of the self-satisfaction which wearing fine apparel imparts, an infinitely greater number of married women wear sumptuous clothing as the outward sign of their husband's social status. There is a Jewish maxim for success in life, which is tacitly observed by many a Gentile husband. It runs thus: "Dress yourself below your means; dress your children according to your means; dress your wife above your means."

Bus-driver.—"They tell me there've been some coins found in these 'ere oxydiums that 'a been buried there a matter 'o four or five hundred year."

Passenger Friend.—"O, that's nothin'!"

"Bus-driver (after a pause) — "Come, George, what you do, you know! 'Cause we're only in eight's hundred and sixty-nine now."

Good Advice.—"I am the great Ameri-

can inventor," said Daniel Frost, so he uttered, unvarnished, a certain newspaper office. "Well, travel," was the unambitious and only response of the editor.

Selected Poems.

There are two simple methods of reducing patients less liable to droop after neuralgic. The first is by rubbing them over frequently with fatty substances, as lard or oil, and then fomenting a dressing which supplies in part the loss of the sweat-skin. The second is frequent warm baths during convalescence; they are very grateful, and tend to prevent internal congestions, while they increase the action of the skin. As in the heat, the old skin separates, and as this is checked with the poison of neuralgic-fever, great care should be taken to remove the refuse water beyond the reach of exposure, or disinfect it.

No case of neuralgic-fever, however simple, should be unattended by a competent physician.

"Strawberry time is upon us," says a New Orleans paper, and then it describes a berry five inches in circumference, just ripened in the open air.

AGRICULTURAL.

Shoes for Striking or Cutting.

A great number of horses are in the habit of striking one leg against the other, and a great deal of ingenuity has been at different times exercised in search of a remedy for this very troublesome practice. Both the fore and hind legs are subject to cutting, the latter perhaps most frequently; but in them it is confined to the fetlock joint, whereas in the fore legs, the horse may hit either the fetlock, the leg, just above the pasterns, or just under the knee, where it is called a speedy cut, from its occurring chiefly in fast action.

It is advisable before applying a remedy to ascertain, if possible, the cause and the part which strikes, whether the shoe or the foot, and if the latter, what part of it. Many horses strike from a weakness, and cease to do so when they gain strength and condition. This is more particularly observable with young horses. Others cut from a faulty conformation of the limbs, which are sometimes too close to each other; and sometimes the toe is turned too much out, or too much in; when the toe is turned in the horse usually cuts just under the knee. The object to be kept in view in shoeing such horses, must be to remedy, as much as we can, the faulty action, and to remove if possible the part which cuts. The part of the foot which strikes is generally that between the toe and the inside quarter, sometimes the inside quarter itself, but very rarely the heel of the shoe. If the horse turns his toe in, is all probability he wears the inside of the shoe most; and, if so, it should be made much thicker. The shoe should be bevelled off on the inside quarter, which should also be free from nails.

In the hind legs we often find that a three-quarter shoe will prevent cutting when other plans fail; for here the part which cuts is not situated so far forward as in the fore legs, so that the removal of the iron altogether from the inside quarter will often accomplish our aim. It sometimes happens that every plan we can adopt will not prevent cutting, and then the only resource is the cutting of boots.—*Prudie Farmer.*

The Cabbage.

An English writer says: "The cultivation of the cabbage is greatly extending. It comes into use when other things begin to fail, and it is by far the best succulent vegetable for milking cows—keeping up the yield of milk, and preserving better than any other food some portion of the quality which loses when the cows quit their natural pasture. Cows fed on cabbages are always quiet and satisfied, while on turnips they often scour, and are restless. Cabbages are given whole on the pastures, and later in the season are either pulped or placed in the trough whole. When frosted, they are liable to produce hooves unless kept in a warm shed to thaw before being used; fifty-six pounds gives, at two meals, as much as a large cow should have in a day. Frequent cases of abortion are caused by an over-supply of green food. Cabbages are excellent for young animals, keeping them in health, and preventing 'black-leg.' A calf of seven months may have twenty pounds a day."

SOFT EGGS.—An English writer says that soft eggs are generally caused by overfeeding the hens, and the remedy is then self-evident. It may, however, occur from want of lime, which must of course be supplied, the best form being calcined and powdered oyster shells. Occasionally it is occasioned by fright, from being driven about, but in that case will right itself in a day or two. If perfect eggs are habitually dropped on the ground, the proprietor should see whether the nests do not need purifying.

BUCKWHEAT BRAN.—When fed to cows, will produce a large quantity of milk, but the milk will be as thin as water, and of a blueish color. Meal of peas, wheat, and corn, will make the richest milk, and of a yellow color. Meal of peas and wheat bran will make excellent feed.

FRUIT.—It is said that fruit-trees planted in timber land will come into bearing sooner than those planted on prairie land, but the last will continue fruitful much longer than the former.

RECIPIES.

HAM TOAST.—Chop some lean ham fine, put it in a pan, with a little pepper, a lump of butter, and two eggs beaten; when well warmed, spread it on hot buttered toast, and serve.

SAVORY OMELET.—Make batter as for a pancake, chop a little parsley and green onions, and pepper and salt, stir in, and fry in plenty of lard. It may be served either dry or with gravy.

Grazz.—They are cheap, easily made, wholesome and palatable. Graham flour and water are stirred together to the consistency of a thick pancake batter, and baked in the iron or tin pan-pans. Gruel, whether of Graham meal, fine flour or corn meal, should be put into a flat oven. Success depends on this. Fine flour and sweet milk (skimmed milk is good enough) well beaten together, rather thicker than the Graham batter, makes a very sweet and good kind of warm bread. Corn bread of the best kind can be made without eggs or shortening, or sweetening. Simply scald the meal with boiling water, add a little salt, stir well and bake quickly in the oven.

WOMEN IN THE JURY BOX.—LARAMIE CITY, Wyoming, March 1.—Among the jurors drawn for the March term of the Albany County, Wyoming Court, were eleven ladies, some of them wives of the most prominent

THE RIDDLE.

Miscellaneous Riddles.

I am composed of 74 letters. J. G. 10. 10. 10.

My 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42, 45, 48, 51, 54, 57, 60, 63, 66, 69, 72, 75, 78, 81, 84, 87, 90, 93, 96, 99, 102, 105, 108, 111, 114, 117, 120, 123, 126, 129, 132, 135, 138, 141, 144, 147, 150, 153, 156, 159, 162, 165, 168, 171, 174, 177, 180, 183, 186, 189, 192, 195, 198, 201, 204, 207, 210, 213, 216, 219, 222, 225, 228, 231, 234, 237, 240, 243, 246, 249, 252, 255, 258, 261, 264, 267, 270, 273, 276, 279, 282, 285, 288, 291, 294, 297, 299, 302, 305, 308, 311, 314, 317, 320, 323, 326, 329, 332, 335, 338, 341, 344, 347, 350, 353, 356, 359, 362, 365, 368, 371, 374, 377, 380, 383, 386, 389, 392, 395, 398, 401, 404, 407, 410, 413, 416, 419, 422, 425, 428, 431, 434, 437, 440, 443, 446, 449, 452, 455, 458, 461, 464, 467, 470, 473, 476, 479, 482, 485, 488, 491, 494, 497, 499, 502, 505, 508, 511, 514, 517, 520, 523, 526, 529, 532, 535, 538, 541, 544, 547, 550, 553, 556, 559, 562, 565, 568, 571, 574, 577, 580, 583, 586, 589, 592, 595, 598, 601, 604, 607, 610, 613, 616, 619, 622, 625, 628, 631, 634, 637, 640, 643, 646, 649, 652, 655, 658, 661, 664, 667, 670, 673, 676, 679, 682, 685, 688, 691, 694, 697, 699, 702, 705, 708, 711, 714, 717, 720, 723, 726, 729, 732, 735, 738, 741, 744, 747, 750, 753, 756, 759, 762, 765, 768, 771, 774, 777, 780, 783, 786, 789, 792, 795, 798, 801, 804, 807, 810, 813, 816, 819, 822, 825, 828, 831, 834, 837, 840, 843, 846, 849, 852, 855, 858, 861, 864, 867, 870,